THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher. HAZEL GREEN, : : : : : KY

QUATRAINS.

RESPONSIBILITY. Our lives are ours in sacred trust, To shape as best we can; For if we fail, our failure must Impair God's perfect plan.

STRENGTH. *

We train ourselves to watch ourselves Until we find at length We've made our very weaknesses The pillars of our strength.

The well that when the goal is gained Of one ambition strong. There is another, not attained, That urges us along. INCENTIVE.

A NOBLE LIFE. A nobic life is not a blaze
Of sudden glory won,
But just an adding up of days
In which good work is done.

-Frank H. Sweet, in N. Y. Independent.

WHAT ANSWER?

A Love Crisis in the Life of a Girl of a Girl.

By Helen Hamilton.

AS the Gnadiges Fraulein forgot-

Margaret Listemann furned quickly, as the crowd of students through from the lecture-room of the Berlin university, and somewhat desperately Wilhelm repeated andibly what had at first leave the second of the seco at first been a mental question. A swift upward glance at the tall fel-low beside her, whose brown eyes were looking down into hers—then Margaret, blushing, answered, laugh-ingly, as showed first. ingly, as she cordially offered her hand, "Indeed I have not. Mother, let me present Herr Sternberg, to whose patience three years ago, in giving form and coherency to my Deutsch sentences, I owe my rapid

Mrs. Listemann's frank, unaffected greeting instantly proclaimed them Americans, though one glance at Margaret's intelligent, an mated face and indescribably distinctive style would have made known her nationality."
"How natural the room looks,"
Margaret said, glancing around at
the time-worn desks and benches.

Her voice was steady, and really admirably controlled, considering the unusual rate at which her heart was beating. The consciousness of the ex-treme absurdity of its accelerated throbs only increased their speed and deepened the flush upon her cheeks. All this was very unusual for Margaret; blushing was not her habit, and so seldom had she felt the beating of her own heart that she had almost concurred in the dictum of many friends of both sexes, "Margaret Listemann has no heart." Impressionable she certainly was not; all her power and depth of loving were reserved, held sacred for one. "Perhaps we may never meet," was her subconscious thought, "but if he comes I shall feel-I shall know I am

his alone for all eternity."

The one absorbing occupation of her twenty-three years of life had been study—natural inclination made her turn to books, necessity made her

specialize.

Her father had been a genius whos inventive power lacked practical force, so others reaped where he had sown. Leaving the fatherland when but a lad, in America he found wife, child and home. Imiginative, high-souled, in a word, a dreamer, he could

ill cope with poverty and life. At 17 Margaret realized that she and her mother would have but each other, and passionately she sought to absorb into her life the one thing which would recall constantly her idolized father—his language. She thought, dreamed, talked only his

wife and child, so both must beech bread-winners. Berlin, with its coun

her work, with the born teacher's I do not even know the names of enthusiasm for her profession. Teach-problems and philosophies which puzing almost unremittingly for three zle and perplex Wilhelm, but I can years, she now felt the necessity for love, and since we were little chilyears, she now felt the necessity for love, and since we were little chifresh inspiration, and had returned dren I have loved him. His wants, with her mother to her loved Berlin, his her mind broadened by experience, and eager for more knowledge.

The morning of the day following Wilheim Sternberg's meeting with Margaret every nerve in his body tingled with the anticipation of again seeing her. "She said nothing would keep her from Schmitt's lecture," he kept reiterating to reassure himself, as he critically selected his necktic, casting now and then dubious glances on the dubin selection of the dubin selection of the dubin selection. casting now and then dubious glances at the dull sky. "She is not the girl let a few rain-clouds house her. every grace of mind and body. What would a man not do to win her!" As though in sympathy with

tracting men and women of earnest purpose and high ideals. In Wilhelm sternberg Margaret met a man who nay, it is not that I mean, but of the Sternberg Margaret met a man who thoroughly statisfied every artistic desire and whose intellectual supremacy she felt the world would later acknowledge. Combined with these gifts he possessed a nature of unusual strength, a straightforward infegrity and a self-forgetful devotion to high principles which could but make a powerful impression on agirl of Margaret's marked ability.

Days and weeks flew by, and it was August, the last day of the summer emester. What is fit that makes the world so fair—as love?

What is fit that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given your power for the tell-to. To bathed nay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given your power for the world have a bundance which the Lord has given your power for the tell-to. To bathed nay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given your power for the tell-to. To bathed has given nay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given your power for the tell-to. To bathed has given pay, it is not that I mean, but of the abundance which the Lord has given your power for the tell-to. To bathed as given your power for the tell-to. To bathed has given pay our power for the tell-to. To bathed has given pay our power for the beard with the far-away rather sad smile of his race. "It would not be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting, "before I see that you are resting, but the beard is European; it cannot wait; it must go quickly."—Youths' Companion.

Theory Exploded.

Miles—According to statistics women live longer than men.

Giles—Prhaw! That's all rot. Why I can wante dozens of men who have multiply for men for pay our power power will be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting, "before I see that you are resting, but remains the right of me to be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I see that you are resting, but remains the right of me to be right for me to sleep, sir," he said, "before I s

as Margaret left the lecture-room, and slowly they walked toward the Tiergarten, drawing in deep breaths of the morning air.

"I know there are hundreds of peo-

ple here," said Margaret, as they sat beneath a spreading linden, "and each feels as I, a personal ownership, and jet I never come but what this peacefulness seems for me alone."

Margaret talked almost at glannia.

Margaret talked almost at random, glancing now and then at her silent

while rejoicing in the knowledge.

"Fraulein, may I tell you something of myself—my home?" questioned withelm, abruptly. Scarcely waiting for the low assent, he exclaimed, passionately: "There has not been a day since I way you three years and

vid admiration for our great men-Ach! how I envy them," he mornared under his breath. "And Elizabeth— did I ever tell you of Elizabeth, my cousin, who is like a daught of omy father? She is alone in the world and tyme to us five years ago. She has given her life to us—she came when all the world was dark—when my mother died." Wilhelm rose as he spoke, and Margaret knew by his he spoke, and Margaret knew by his he spoke, and Margaret knew by his sudden pallor what that loss still meant. After a moment's pause, he continued: "Marburg, though quiet, is beautifui; and—and oh, Margaret, mein Liebehen my beloved—could 1

not make your happiness?"
All the passion of a man's strong, yet tender, love throbbed in the lowwhispered words, and, trembling, Margaret laid her hand in his as she replied, faintly: "I cannot answer ow: I must see her—my mother." "She shall be mine!" he said.

As in a dream they walked to Margaret's home, separating with one thought, one hope-"To-morrow."

"To bear, to nurse, to rear, to watch—and then to lose," Involuntarily these words rose to Mrs. Listemana's lips, as Margaret, on her knees, her head resting in her mother's lap, revealed in broken sentences her whole heart. The words were never spoken. The pang which wrung the mother's heart-the bitterness of abdicating where so long she had reigned first, all-all were thrust aside, and drawing Margaret; to her bosom she rejoiced as only a mother can who one desire is her child's happiness.

"He is coming to-morrow, mother, to-morrow at ten, for his answer. Oh, I am so happy, so happy."

Margaret had searcely finished her tremulous confidence when a sharp ring of the bell startled them. "The postman; it must be he," exclaimed Mrs. Listemann; "our home letters are long overdue."

In a moment the little maid tapped at the door, delivering into Margaret's band a number of letters, unmis-takably American from the amount

bers, you remember."

last one of her letters. The handwritthe lamp, she slowly deciphered "Mar-burg." Margaret read the postmark over and over, a faint flush tingeing her face. "Can it be from his father?"
How foolish of me: we did not know of your majesty."

me gan to read:

bread-winners. Berlin, with its countless advantages, became the goal of Margaret's ambition, that she might dread that you may not understand me, and yet something within tells leaving almost immediately for the me you are noble and good, and will live the respective to the course, prince of Wales, and several of his friends were of the party. Among these friends was Sir James Mackintosh, a well-known bon vivant of the eighties and nineties.

his comforts have been the daily study of my life. He never told me that he loved me, and yet-some-times a look, a word that he has spoken, made me hope. Ah, Fraulein, will you think me bold and shameless if I tell you that night after night these many months. From the state of the czar, "I daresay you've often revoked, your majesty, but this is the first time you have the fi my heart died within me. It was not what he said, but oh, his tone, his manner, filled me with despair. The manner, filled me with despair. The few short months that he has known the conversation which followed. you can they outweigh the whole devotion of my life? The great wide her!" As though in sympathy with bim, and ready to lend his aid, the sun burst forth radiantly, and lightly humning "Morgens bring ich dir die veilchen," Wilhelm hurried forth.

There are two magnets books and the state of the unming "Morgens bring ich dir die winning "Morgens bring ich dir die eilehen," Wilhelm hurried forth.

There are two magnets—books and music—which are all-powerful in atmusic—which are all-powerful in atmusical which are all-powerful in atmusical which are all-powerful in atmus

glancing now and then at her silent companion, knowing intuitively what his tense expression foreboded, yet, womanlike, trembling and fearful, while rejoicing in the knowledge.

"Fraulein, may I tell you something of myself—my home?" questioned in the superficient of myself—my home?" questioned in the superficient of myself—my home?" questioned in the superficient of the superficient

"It was efuel, unwomanly to write me such a letter. No, no," she mouned, "I did not mean that; the poor child did not know that he had told his love to me; he had been hers aday since I saw you three years ago that you have not filled my every thought. To morrow you will leave Berlin-I cannot let you go and not tell you what you are to me-life love, everything."

As he leaned toward her texing to be bared her to me as to her God. love, everything."

As he lenned toward her trying to read her blushing, half-averted face, she faltered, "Your father—what will he think, what will he say?"

"are to me—life, as to her one earthly refuge; she bared her heart to me as to her God. O Heavenly Father!" Margaret groaned, "what shall I do—enter my paradise and hear a stage.

e think, what will he say?"
"My father—how I long to have you neet him; you would win him forver," Wilhelm added (miling, "If a conce heard you have a conce heard you have you." "My father meet him; you would win him for ever." Withelm added omiling. "If he once heard you express your fervid admiration for our greaf mention and the sale of the sale of the sale of the wrestled with the angal for his bless with sale of the a murane. If it is I my life shall be one long devotion. Hear me, Eterna Goodness, and answer."

The first faint ray of daybrea stole through the window as slowly with clasped hands, and eyes which seemed to look into the and paced back and forth; then with a low, fervent "I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast shown me what is right to do," she threw her self upon the bed and sank into a dreamless sleep.

The sunlight flooded the little sit-

ting room with its golden glory as Margaret, in spotless white, awaited her lover's coming. The consecration of love shone in her face. As her mother kissed her she whispered lovingly. "You lock, my child, as a

bride adorned."

There was a quick, springing step upon the stairs. "Wilhelm!" was her low cry as he bent over her, his arms outsteetched, his voice breaking with love's yearning as he breathed "Heart's dearest, what answer?" By courtesy of The Ladies' Home Jour nal; copyright, 1903, by The Curtis Publishing Company.

FLATTERERS OF ROYALTY.

Feople of the Courts Who Are Al-Falsify for Favor.

One of the difficulties of royalties one of the things that account for the tendency to selfishness which has been considered one of the weaknessof postage and the numerous "dues" with which they were stamped.
"Now, isn't this what you call fair treatment. Motter mein," cried Margaret, gayly; "six for you and five for me? But there's buck in odd numbers, you remember."

selfon hear the truth. One could give many examples of this in even the lighter affairs of life, says London M. A. P. For instance, when London S.IV. was once playing at backgammon, a favorite game with him, a dispute arose as to a doubtful throw of the monarch. The courtiers are bers, you remember."

An hour later, Margaret, in a dressing gown and slippers, her hair hanging in long, loose braids, was in her chamoer reading with absorbed interest the home news, her frequent low most entered at this awkward moment entered at the home news, her frequent low laugh proving how interesting it all was. Finally, she reached for the the matter. The witty courtier replied without a moment's hesitation: hast one of her letters. The handwriting was unfamiliar, the postmark almost illegible. Holding it closely to the lamp, she slowly deciphered "Marburg." Margaret read the postmark burg." Margaret read the postmark tlemen would have given it in favor

loved German.

It was found at Mr. Listemann's death that nothing was left for his an to read:
"It is with fear and trembling that king, then of course, prince of Wales German capital, she decided to go with them for three years' study. What this separation meant to mother and child none realized but as to my God—may my soul speak to yours? I am but a simple German to the midst of the game Sir James called out to the czar, "You've received." Everybody's blood ran cold. vivant of the eighties and nineties ble, and the ezar, blushing and con fused, exclaimed in bewilderment, "Revoked! Why, I never did such a thing in my life!" But Sir James and the monarch proved to be in the wrong; whereupen

The Quene Could Wait.

An American traveler in China, making his way out of the province of Shensi over the mountains, after his servant, who had been sent or

As a soldier half lifted me from the

your pooka and take a nap."

He smiled with the far-away rather

CHILD PRETTINESS.

Buch May Be Done to Improve the Facial Features and Skin in Tender Years.

A mother can do much to make her child pretty: the attention it received during its babyhood is all important

in its ultimate development.

During babyhood, or rather, youth, the seeds are sown for a clear complexion, andd all that goes with itbright eyes, good temper, good teeth. a well-shaped mouth, nose ar writes Mrs. Mary Easton, M D., in

American Queen.

It is a well-established fact that the beauty of the complexion often de-pends upon the condition of the teeth Dyspepsia is brought on by uneigested food, and is more often than not traced to teeth. Dyspepsia brings with it th necessary evils of a sallow skin and generally por complexion. Hence, the cessity for guarding the teeth of the ittle ones, for, of course, not only the complexion is ruined, as I have just shown, by poor teeth, but the shape of the mouth, and, indeed, of the entire lower portion of the face, may be

attention to be paid to the practice of brushing the teeth daily, but while this teeth, by feeding their children or using none of the liquid dentifries: Lime-water is considered a good

abundance of sweets encourages de-eay, and is at all times to be avoided, but more particularly during the teeth-

hat plenty of ventilation and fresh for are essential to perfect health, but t must be borne in mind that thes must be provided to the exclusion of drafts; the child who is perpetually catching cold is in danger of losing little point of beauty of which many belle is proud namely, a delicated shaped nostril. The violent and fro apt to produce a permanent thicken uing of the gristle which separate he nostrils, to deform its natura and destroy the delicacy of our st in childhood, for branty, but their influence is likely to

HOW TO STAIN FLOORS.

Some Suggestions Which May Air the Housekeeper in Obtaining Best Results.

bing twice a month to make them pre-sentable, and every year or two they-will wear off, so that a new coat of stain and varnish will be required on

f the stained floor can readily be natched with home-made stain comosed mainly of turpentine, into which mixed a portion of burnt umber yellow other or burnt sienna, accord ing to the tone of the old stain, says Woman's Home Companion.

Combined stain and varuish is not estrable on old floors, and is not par-icularly pleasing on new ones. It is dways best to apply the stain first in a thin coat, with a flat brush, and after allowing it to dry a day go over the entire floor with a coat of hard-cit finish, or better yet, a coat of spar omposition. When mixing the stains they should not be too thick with the oloring pigment, nor laid on too thick with the brush.

dle, leaving the edges nearly as good as new, the color of the stain must be as new, the color of the state a patchy carefully matched, so that a patchy appearance may not be the result.

At a hardware or paint store the r yellow echer ground in oil can be

had in small cans, or the dry powders may be used. Clear turpentine will be or or act as a medium for the dry ors, which will appear much darker when mixed with the turpentine. If the turpentine should be very thin however, a small portion of japan drier may be added to lend more of a body.

Advice About Brushes. Use a long-handled brash to dust pictures and high places, a stiff paint brush for dusting carved furniture and a small round paint brush for greasing bread and cake tins. A new tooth brush is fine for cleaning strainers and celery. A scrubbing brush with rather stiff bristle used to clean pressed and cut glass dishes and to wash all seamer tinware. A fiber brush will clean the lemon and horseradish graters and remove the skin from r heap whisk broom, bought for the sole purpose of furnishing splits for trying cakes. It should be kept in a paper bag, will last for years and in's Home Companien.

A Boiling Hint.

fresh vegetables that a high degree of the best result. If vegetables are to be oiled, see that the water in which they kept at that temperature until the veg-etable is tender. If the water needs replenishing, use boiling water, addng no more than is absolutely neces ary. N. Y. Sun

Tomato Fritters.

For tomato fritters stew a quart tin of the vegetable, or a quart of resh ones, until they are reduced one-half. Set aside to get cold, then eason with salt, pepper and celery sait. Add the beaten yolk of an egg and sufficient fine breaderumbs to make a mixture thick enough to hole together when dropped from a spoor into smoking hot lard.—N. Y. Post.

An American Dish. Boil equal quantities of white po-tatoes and yellow turnips together and mash lightly with butter and cich milk. This is an old America.

Jish, and is very good, - N. Y. Post,

A VENERABLE PASTOR CURED BY PE-RU-NA

Pe-ru-na is a Catarrhal Tonic Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

The Oldest Man in America Attributes His Long Life and Good Health to Pe-ru-na.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan coun

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Texas, has attained the great age of 114 years. He is an ardent friend of Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms. Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so.

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for

"I RELY UPON PE-RU-NA FOR ALL CATARRHAL DISEASES."

The changeable climate of the United States. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. oughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases. For the ast to be different diseases. For the last ten or fifteen years I have been read-ing Dr. Hartman's books and have learned from them one thing in par-ticular: That these affections are the same and that they are properly called

catarrh.
"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my stand-

these affections. It has been my stand-by for many years and I attribute my good health and my extreme old age to this remedy.

"It exactly meets all my require-ments. I have come to rely upon it al-most entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people, aithough I have no doubt it is just as good for the young."— Isaae Brock.

A New Man at 79.

A New man at 175.

Major Frank O'Mahoney, West Side, Hannibal, Mo., writes:

"I am professionally a newspaper correspondent, now 79 years old. I have watched the growing power of the Peruna plant from its incipiency in the little log cabin, through its log cabin, through it gradations of success up to its present establishment in Columbus, Ohio, and conclude that merit brings its ful

"Up to a few years ago I felt no nee "Up to a few years ago I felt no need to test its medicinal potency, but lately when my system needed it, your Peruna relieved me of many catarrhal troubles. Some, two years ago I weighed 210 pounds, but fell away down to 168 pounds, and besides loss of flesh I was subject to stomach troubles, indigestion, loss of appetite, insomnia, night sweats, and a foreboding of getting my entire system out of or somna, night sweats, and a foreboding of getting my entire system out of order. During some months I gave Peruna a fair trial, and it rejuvenated my whole system. I feel thankful therefore, for although 79 years old I feel like a young man."—Major Frank O'Mahoney.

In old age the mucous membranes become thickened and partly lose their function.

This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances.

Peruna corrects all this by its specific operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.

One bottle will convince anyone.
Once used and Peruna becomes a lifelong stand-by with old and young.

One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a lifelong stand-by with old and young.

Mr. Samuel Saunders of Blythedale, Mo., writes: "My disease was catarrh of the urethra and bladder. I got a bottle of Peruna and began taking it, and in a few days I was relieved and could sleep and rest all night. I think that Peruna is a valuable remedy. I had tried other very highly recommended medicines, but they did me no good. My physician told me that I could not expect to be cured of my trouble, as I was getting to be an old



Eighty-eight.

years, but not so much affected but that I could hold converse with my limbs. I commenced taking Peruna and now my hearing is restored as good as it was prior to June, and now when 88 years old can say it has invigorated my whole system. I cannot but think, dear Doctor, that you must feel very thankful to the all loving Father that you have been to suffering humanity."—Rev. J. N. Parker.

Mrs. F. E. Little, Tolona, Ill., writes:

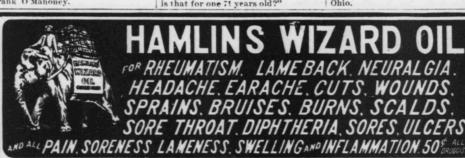
Mrs. F. E. Little, Tolona, Ill., writes:
"I can recommend Peruna as a good medicine for chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels. I have been troubled severely with it for over a year, and also a cough. Now my cough is all gone, and all the distressing symptoms of catarrh of the stomach and bowels have disappeared. I will recommend it to all as a rare remedy. I amso well I am contemplating a trip to Yellow Stone Park this coming season. How is that for one 7t years old?"

In a later letter she says: "I am only too thankful to you for your kind advice and for the good health that I am enjoying wholly from the use of your Peruna. Have been out to the Yellow Stone National Park and many other places of the west, and shall all ways thank you for your generosity."

Arrs. F. E. Little.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.



K. C. S. Almanac and address, S. G. Warner, G. P. A., K. C. S. Railway, Kansas City, Mo.

His Judgment.—"I've been told," said the amateur, "that I'm a good actor. What do you think of that?" "I think there are some awful liars in this world."—Chicago Post.

Seeking a New Home?

Why not try the great Southwest? Low colonist rates on the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Ask for particulars and literature. Address James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 203 Wainwright Bidg., St. Louis.

How?

By soothing and subduing the pain, that's the way St. Jacobs Oil

Neuralgia

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Back up to the fire to-night and have some one rub your LAME BACK with Mexican Mustang Liniment

You'll sleep like a top and have a good, sound back free from pain in the morning.



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Caullon: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS.
Short by mail, 25c. extro. Illus. intalog free.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCK TON, MASS.

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